

Requiem for Black Benjy in 2 Parts by Vinnie Paz

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Part 1

[Verse 1: Vinnie Paz]

I'm Pavarotti with a shotty
Move the Charlie while I'm still part of the Literati
The bricks is like Basmati, we chop 'em like they karate
My shorty draped in a saree like Saraswati
To make a long story short, I caught a body
This carajito couldn't embody what I embody
He rubs shoulders with Stalin like Togliatti
Burning pot was yellow and it look like Vanaspati
The Black Hills ammunition hotter than wasabi
I call Black Bannerz and I fly to Abu Dhabi
Scoop me at the ADI in the Maserati
Staring at a lithograph of Raja Ravi
In a courtroom cocky like I'm Gotti
It's over half a million bodies in Makati
I puff on Afghan like Shah Durrani
The bullets in the armory look like a hot tamale

[Verse 2: CRIMEAPPLE]

I'm riding in a bucket with the roman candles
Looking for your favorite rapper, rocking open sandals
Roll the window down, I'm throwing pólvora
Now your mami stressed, screaming out "Ojalá"
Squeezing in your mouth, no Orajel, send you all to hell
Shit still on a scale 'cause my mixtape doin' sorta well
I can still win a Cy Young the moment the pie come
Try some, you'll be Harlem shaking till your mind numb
Verses crack ounces of piff, I got all kind of dope
If I get low, fiends licking the baggy like an envelope
Labels ain't cutting a check, so I cop sarin gas
Garfield Thanksgiving Day Parade's how I'm airing cats
Wear a mask in October and every other holiday

Stock your face if I heard that he chopping base and got the papes
Run upon you, I already told you my blood is Goya
This spic take enough work to terrify a Trump supporter
Whoa!

Part 2

[Verse 3: Tha God Fahim]

I stack money hand over head
Ask about the God, I'm the man in the bread
I'm hotter then Louisiana Hot Sauce
Take you hostage, ain't no bridges where you getting dropped off
Uh, I'm rocking furs for the winter
Uh, as I emerge from this printer
I grab the mic and turn MC's to dinner
Walk up on you and shred you like Master Splinter
I'm buying guns like the military
Armor-piercing rounds put you in the cemetery
I like the bread but I got more rolls
Reading godly books just to help me through this cold world
I walk around with the angel of death
Make you pay me with money and pay me in respect
Ain't no funny business, have you smiling by the neck
Never leave the fort without throwing on the TEC

[Verse 4: Vinnie Paz]

Look, dry snitching is a lonely disease
This is shells of money, homie, macaroni and cheese
This is luxury, we eatin' Babylonian peas
Dumb muhfucka, get some Etzioni and read
Listen homie, is you riding or what?
He talking to opps, homie, he be trying his luck
Y'all ain't getting nothing B, I'm not providing Nathan
I greet my brother peacefully it's "As-salāmu 'alaykum"
Turn this muhfucka to a horror scene
The periquito yellow B, it look like it's a quarantine
I'm all about my motherfucking spinach, chicken Florentine
Doctrine of divine illumination, Santo Augustine
The gravedigger gonna teach you how to move the dirt
And jefe gon' have to teach you how to move the work
This .40 pregnant, homie, and she dyin' to pop
Momma told me I should strike while the iron is hot

Battyman!